WHAT USETEH BE.

Say, aint it strange the store we set
By some things other folks forget?
Now, no one seems to care but me
About the time that useteh be,
About the sunny days whose charm
Once useteh linger roun' the farm,
About the Sunday afternoons,
The moonlit nights, the cricket tunes,
The peepin' flowers an' flutterin' leaves;
An' no one nowadays believes
That them old times were better far
Than these dull ones we're havin' are.
We've lots of things we hadn't then,
Our sons are mebbe smarter men,
But honest folks in them old days
Had truer hearts an' kinder ways;
An' when I think of things we did
That in the past hev long bin hid,
Of all we felt and loved so well,
The simple tales I can not tell,
A flood of somethin' kinder, higher,
Comes back an' sets my heart afire;
I can't stan' still, I can't sit down,
I jest must up an' hobble roun',
An' none but me knows all I set
By some things other folks forget.
—P. McArthur, in Jury.

THE STRANGE STORY
—OF—
Allan Quatermain's Wife

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "JESS," "CLEOPATRA," ETC.

AN AFRICAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

I sat down and watched. When the fire was alight and burning brightly the old fellow stripped himself stark naked, and, going to the foot of the pool, dipped himself in the water. Then he came back shivering with the cold, and, leaning over the little fire, thrust leaves of the plant I have mentioned into his mouth and began to chew them, muttering as he chewed. Most of the remaining leaves he threw on the fire. A dense smoke rose from them, but he held his head in this smoke and drew it down into his lungs till I saw that he was exhibiting every sign of suffocation. The veins in his throat and chest swelled, he gasped loudly, and his eyes, from which tears were streaming, seemed as though they were going to start from his head. Presently he fell over on his side, and lay senseless. I was terribly alarmed, and my first impulse was to run to his assistance, but fortunately I remembered his caution, and sat quiet.

Indaba-zimbi lay on the ground like a person quite dead. His limbs had all the utter relaxation of death. But as I watched I saw them begin to stiffen, exactly as though *rigor mortis* had set in. Then, to my astonishment, I perceived them once more relax, and this time there appeared upon his chest the stain of decomposition. It spread and spread; in three minutes the man, to all appearance, was a livid corpse.

I sat amazed watching this uncanny sight, and wondering if any further natural process was about to be enacted. Perhaps Indaba-zimbi was going to fall to dust before my eyes. As I watched I noticed that the discoloration was beginning to fade. First it vanished from the extremities, then from the larger limbs and lastly from the trunk. Then in turn came the third stage of relaxation, the second stage of stiffness or *rigor*, and the first stage of after-death collapse. When these had all rapidly succeeded each other Indaba-zimbi quietly woke up.

I was too astonished to speak. I simply looked at him with my mouth open.

"Well, Macumazahn," he said, putting his head on one side like a bird, and nodding his white lock in a comical fashion; "it is all right; I have seen her."

"Seen who?" I said.

"The Star, your wife, and the little maid. They are much frightened, but unharmed. The Babyan-frau watches them. She is mad, but the baboons obey her, and do not hurt them. The Star was sleeping from weariness, so I whispered in her ear, and told her not to be frightened, for you would soon rescue her, and that meanwhile she must seem to be pleased to have Hendrika near her."

"You whispered in her ear?" said I. "How could you whisper in her ear?"

"Bah! Macumazahn. How could I seem to die and go rotten before your eyes? You don't know, do you? Well, I will tell you one thing. I had to die to pass the doors of space, as you call

"THERE IS THE PLACE!"

them. I had to draw all the healthy strength from my body in order to gather power to speak with the Star. It was a dangerous business, Macumazahn, for if I had let things go a little further they must have stopped so, and there would have been an end of Indaba-zimbi. Ah, you white men, you know so much that you think you know every thing. But you don't! You are always staring at the clouds and can't see the things that lie at your feet. You hardly believe me now, do you, Macumazahn? Well, I will show you. Have you any thing on you that the Star has touched or worn?"

I thought for a moment, and said that I had a lock of her hair in my pocket-book. He told me to give it to him. I did so. Going to the fire, he lit the lock of hair in the flame, and let it burn to ashes, which he caught in his left hand. These ashes he mixed up in a paste with the juice of one of the leaves of the plant I have spoken of.

"Now, Macumazahn, shut your eyes," he said.

I did so, and he rubbed his paste on to my eyelids. At first it burnt me, then my head swam strangely. Presently this effect passed off, and my brain was perfectly clear again, but I could not feel the ground with my feet. Indaba-zimbi led me to the side of the stream. Beneath us was a pool of beautifully clear water.

"Look into the pool, Macumazahn," said Indaba-zimbi, and his voice sounded hollow and far away in my ears.

I looked. The water grew dark; it cleared, and in it was a picture. I saw a cave with a fire burning in it. Against the wall of the cave rested Stella. Her dress was torn almost off her, she looked dreadfully pale and weary, and her eyelids were red as though with weeping. But she slept, and I could almost think that I saw her lips shape my name in her sleep. Close to her, her head upon Stella's breast, was little Tota; she had a skin thrown over her to keep out the night cold. The child was awake, and appeared to be moaning with fear. By the fire, and in such a position that the light fell full upon her face, and engaged in cooking something in a rough pot shaped from wood, sat the Baboon-woman, Hendrika. She was clothed in baboon skins, and her face had been rubbed with some dark stain, which was, however, wearing off it. In the intervals of her cooking she would turn on Stella her wild eyes, in which glared visible madness, with an expression of tenderness that amounted to worship. Then she would stare at the poor child and gnash her teeth as

"THE BRUTES STREAMED ON TOWARD ME."

though with hate. Clearly she was jealous of it. Round the entrance arch of the cave peeped and peered the heads of many baboons. Presently Hendrika made a sign to one of them; apparently she did not speak, or rather grunt, in order not to wake Stella. The brute hopped forward, and she gave it a second rude wooden pot which was lying by her. It took it and went. The last thing that I saw, as the vision slowly vanished from the pool, was the dim shadow of the baboon returning with the pot full of water.

Presently every thing had gone. I ceased to feel strange. There beneath me was the pool, and at my side stood Indaba-zimbi, smiling.

"You have seen things," he said.

"I have," I answered, and made no further remark on the matter. What was there to say? "Do you know the path to the cave?" I added.

He nodded his head. "I did not follow it all just now, because it winds," he said. "But I know it. We shall want the ropes."

"Then let us be starting; the men have eaten."

He nodded his head again, and going to the men I told them to make ready, adding that Indaba-zimbi knew the way. They said that was all right, if Indaba-zimbi had "smelt her out," they should soon find the Star. So we started cheerfully enough, and my spirits were so much improved that I was able to eat a boiled mealie cob or two as we walked.

We went up the valley, following the course of the stream for about a mile; then Indaba-zimbi made a sudden turn to the right, along another kloof, of which there were countless numbers in the base of the great hill.

On we went through kloof after kloof. Indaba-zimbi, who led us, was never at a loss; he turned up gullies and struck across necks of hills with the certainty of a hound on a hot scent. At length, after about three hours' march, we came to a big, silent valley on the northern slope of the great peak. On one side of this valley was a series of stony koppies; on the other rose a sheer wall of rock. We marched along the wall for a distance of some two miles. Then suddenly Indaba-zimbi halted.

"There is the place," he said, pointing to an opening in the cliff. This opening was about forty feet from the ground and ellipse-shaped. It could not have been more that twenty feet high by ten wide and was partially hidden by ferns and bushes that grew about it in the surface of the cliff. Keen as my eyes were I doubt if I should ever have noticed it, for there were many such crags and crannies in the rocky face of the great mountain.

We drew near and looked carefully at the place. The first thing I noticed was that the rock, which was not quite perpendicular, had been worn by the continual passage of baboons; the second, that something white was hanging on a bush near the top of the ascent.

It was a pocket handkerchief.

Now there was no more doubt about the matter. With a beating heart I began the ascent. For the first twenty feet it was comparatively easy, for the rock shelved; the next ten feet was very difficult, but still possible for an active man, and I achieved it, followed by Indaba-zimbi. But the last twelve or fifteen feet could only be scaled by throwing a rope over the trunk of a stunted tree which grew at the bottom of the opening. This we accomplished with some trouble and the rest was easy. A foot or two above my head the handkerchief fluttered in the wind. Hanging to the rope, I grasped it. It was my wife's. As I did so I noticed the face of a baboon peering at me over the edge of the cleft, the first baboon we had seen that morning. The brute gave a bark and vanished. Thrusting the handkerchief into my breast, I set my feet against the cliff and scrambled up as hard as I could go. I knew that we had no time to lose, for the baboon would quickly alarm the others. I gained the cleft. It was a mere arched passage cut by water, ending in a gully, which led to a wide open space of some sort. I looked through the passage and saw that the gully was black with baboons. On they came by the hundreds. I unslung my elephant gun from my shoulders and waited, calling to the men below to come up with all possible speed. The brutes streamed on down the gloomy gulf towards me, barking, grunting and showing their huge teeth. I waited till they were within fifteen yards. Then I fired the elephant gun, which was loaded with slugs, right into the thick of them. In that narrow place the report echoed like a cannon shot, but its sound was quickly swallowed in the volley of piercing human-sounding groans and screams that followed. The charge of heavy slugs had plowed through a number of the baboons, of which at least a dozen lay dead or dying in the passage. For a moment they hesitated, then they came on again with a hideous clamor. Fortunately by this time Indaba-zimbi, who also had a gun, was standing by my side, otherwise I should have been torn to pieces before I could reload. He fired both barrels into them, and again checked the rush. But they came on again, and notwithstanding the appearance of two other natives with guns, which they let off with more or less success, we should have been overwhelmed by the great and ferocious apes had I not by this time succeeded in reloading the elephant gun. When they were right on to us I fired, with even more deadly effect than before, for at that distance every slug told on their long line. The howls and screams of rage and fury were now something inconceivable. One might have thought we were doing battle with a host of demons; indeed in that light—for the overhanging arch of rock made it very dark—the gnashing snouts and somber, glowing eyes of the apes looked like those of devils as they are represented by monkish fancy. But the last shot was too much for them; they withdrew, dragging some of their wounded with them, and thus gave us time to get our men up the cliff. In a few minutes all were there, and we advanced down the passage, which presently opened into a rocky gully with shelving sides. This gully had a waterway at the bottom of it; it was about a hundred yards long, and the slopes on either side were topped by precipitous cliffs. I looked at these slopes; they literally swarmed with baboons, grunting, barking, screaming and beating their breasts with their long arms in fury. I looked up the water-way; along it, accompanied by a mob, or, as it were, a guard of baboons, came Hendrika, her long hair flying, madness written on her face, and in her arms was the senseless form of little Tota.

She saw us, and a foam of rage burst from her lips. She screamed aloud. To me the sound was a mere articulate cry, but the baboons clearly understood it, for they began to roll rocks down on to us. One bowlder leaped past me and struck down a Kaffir behind; another fell from the roof of the arch on to a man's head and killed him. Indaba-zimbi lifted his gun to shoot Hendrika; I knocked it up, so that the shot went over her, crying that he would kill the child. Then I shouted to the men to open out and form a line from side to side of the shelving gully. Furious at the loss of their two comrades, they obeyed me, and keeping in the water-way myself, together with Indaba-zimbi and the other guns, I gave the word to charge.

Then the real battle began. It is difficult to say who fought the most fiercely, the natives or the baboons. The Kaffirs charged along the slopes, and as they came, encouraged by the screams of Hendrika, who rushed to and fro holding the wretched Tota before her as a shield, the apes bounded at them in fury. Scores were killed by the assegais, and many more fell beneath our gun-shots; but still they came on. Nor did we go scatheless. Occasionally a man would slip, or be pulled over in the grip of a baboon. Then the others would fling themselves upon him like dogs on a rat and worry him to death. We lost five men in this way, and I myself received a bite through the fleshy part of the left arm, but fortunately a native near me assegaied the animal before I was pulled down.

At length, and all of a sudden, the baboons gave up. A panic seemed to seize them. Notwithstanding the cries of Hendrika they thought no more of fight, but only of escape; some even did not attempt to get away from the assegais of the Kaffirs, they simply hid their horrible faces in their paws, and, moaning piteously, waited to be slain.

Hendrika saw that the battle was lost. Dropping the child from her arms, she rushed straight at us, a very picture of horrible insanity. I lifted my gun, but could not bear to shoot. After all she was but a mad thing, half ape, half woman. So I sprang to one side, and she landed full on Indaba-zimbi, knocking him down. But she did not stay to do any more. Wailing terribly, she rushed down the gully and through the arch, followed by many of the surviving baboons, and vanished from our sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Berlin cabmen lately celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first introduction of cabs in Berlin. The first schedule of fares prescribed by the city council provided that a cabman caught overcharging should be placed in stocks before the city hall.

A GILROY (Cal.) debating society has decided that Lady Macbeth was an excellent woman, and was not a party to any of the murders detailed in Shakespeare's tragedy of "Macbeth."

IF we neglect a tree or plant it is not reasonable to expect that the fruit will be up to the highest standard.

KANSAS THANKSGIVING.

Proclamation of Governor Humphrey Setting Apart the Established Day.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 18.—The proclamation appointing Thursday, November 27, for Thanksgiving day has been issued by Governor Humphrey as follows:

The people of Kansas have abundant reason to feel thankful to Almighty God for His continued kindness during the year fast drawing to a close. Our beloved commonwealth has enjoyed immunity from war, pestilence and famine. Peace, health and a fair measure of prosperity in all the departments of labor have blessed us as a people by the grace and favor of Him whose power we recognize in all things.

Now, therefore, I, Lyman U. Humphrey, Governor of the State of Kansas, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 27th day of November, A. D. 1890, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, to be observed as such. And I do most earnestly recommend that upon said day the people refrain from their usual avocations and meet in their several places of worship, there and in their homes, to join in praise and thanksgiving to the Creator for the blessings vouchsafed to us as a people, and invoke His continued favor and protection in the future.

I also enjoin upon all the people the duty, on that occasion, of remembering the sick, afflicted and unfortunate. Remember the destitute in your own communities, and be not forgetful of the brave pioneers in other sections of the State, whose labors have not been fruitful of a bountious harvest, to the end that their hearts may be lightened and that they may join in the general thanksgiving to Him whose first command is charity.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the State of Kansas to be affixed. Done at the city of Topeka on this, the fifteenth day of November, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

By the Governor:

LYMAN U. HUMPHREY.

WILLIAM HIGGINS,
[SEAL.] Secretary of State.

KNIGHTS TO SECEDE.

Green Glass Workers Threaten to Leave the Knights of Labor.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 18.—A movement has been started by local assembly 6111, Knights of Labor, composed of green glass workers, which threatens to end in a big secession from the Knights of Labor ranks. The movement originated in the alleged improper conduct of Louis Arrington, master workman of the green glass workers' national assembly, owing to that gentleman's plan to build a co-operative green glass factory, which caused general dissatisfaction to the Pittsburgh assembly. A committee composed of leading members of the local assembly has been at work for several weeks, and according to reports is meeting with solid encouragement. The plan of the committee is to interest five of the strongest green glass workers' assemblies in the plan of seceding. Dissatisfaction against Mr. Powderly has also been breeding in the Pittsburgh assembly for three years. The secession of the green glass workers would take from the Knights of Labor at least 3,000 members. A report on the subject is expected next Friday night.

LACK OF LAWYERS.

Once in Awhile a Legislature Has Not Enough to Go Round.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 18.—A rather perplexing problem will confront the Speaker of the next House of Representatives when he attempts to name the Judiciary Committee. This has, of course, always been composed of the best lawyers in the lower house, and last session there were fifteen members. This year there have been only four lawyers elected, and in one instance lawyer will in all probability be ousted on a contest. The lawyers elected are: George L. Douglas of Sedgwick; W. C. Webb, of Topeka; Joseph H. Reder, of Ellis, and W. E. Brown, of Newton. Reder was only elected by two majority, and it is charged that he openly purchased votes and an Alliance man is contesting his seat.

Knights of Aurora Reorganize.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 18.—About forty representatives of the Knights of Aurora of Kansas met in this city last night for the purpose of forming an independent organization. There was a preliminary meeting held at Lawrence October 16, and the present session is simply a continuation of it. The Knights of Aurora is a benefit Insurance company with headquarters in Minneapolis. Charges of fraud were preferred against the officials, and an investigation was begun by the Insurance Commissioner of Minnesota. These charges were not substantiated, but it was proven that the order had 2,200 members instead of 20,000 as was claimed. Of the 2,200 membership, 1,500 lived in Kansas, and it was decided to completely reorganize under a new name.

Robert Ray Hamilton's Will.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The will of the late Robert Ray Hamilton was offered for probate yesterday. The document makes no mention of Mr. Hamilton's wife, who is now in a New Jersey prison, but provides $1,200 a year for life for Beatrice Ray, the child which he calls his "adopted daughter." The bulk of the estate is left to the children of Schuyler Hamilton.

The Wine Seizures.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Nov. 18.—Yesterday afternoon the police officers charged with stealing the wine of the Bandana Club for its banquet had a hearing before Justices White and Plowman, but the cases were not concluded.

The Bill Still a Law.

ATOKA, I. T., Nov. 18.—About the last act of the Choctaw Council was to repeal the law enacted last week taxing licensed traders $500 per annum, but Governor Jones refused to sanction the repeal and the bill still remains a law.

Robbed a Mail Pouch.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 18.—George W. Harris, who was a fireman on the Chicago & Alton railroad between Chicago and St. Louis, was convicted of robbing a registered mail pouch and was given eighteen months in the penitentiary.

Horse Thieves Arrested.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 18.—A number of alleged horse thieves have been arrested lately and are now in the hands of the officers. There are probabilities of several lynchings.

Trainmen on the Peoria & Pekin Union railway in Illinois went on strike on the 17th.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

"Better keep a good place while you've got it," said the boss. "You are entirely unskilled, and you have been so improvident, eating up all your wages from day to day, that you have nothing to fall back on if you don't get work."

"Well," replied Mr. Fassett, "if I can't get work for somebody else, I guess I can hunt for worms and corn on my own account, can't I?"

"Yes, if you can find a place to hunt for them."

"Must be plenty of places. Why, I know all this country. Its full of cornfields, and I'm a poor sort of a crow if I can't scratch up enough to live on."

The boss crow was astonished at Mr. Fassett's simplicity.

"Why," said he, "there ain't a cornfield in a day's flight, where you'll be allowed to scratch. I hire this field; that one belongs to another crow; that one yonder to another; that one to a crow corporation, and so on. The trouble is that this country is crowded with crows."

"I used to think so myself," said Mr. Fassett, "and I hired a man to shoot them; but since I've been a crow it doesn't seem to me that there are very many. Why, I never see any flock but ours in this field?"

"Of course you don't. I have to pay old Roger Rook a good round sum for this field, and I would be a fool to let anybody but my own crows come here. And if you ain't going to work for me—"

"Who is Roger Rook?" Qui interrupted.

"Roger Rook! Roger Rook! Don't know Roger Rook!" exclaimed Qui's boss in astonishment. "Well, I declare! Why, Roger Rook belongs to one of the best families. He can trace his ancestry back ever so far. He owns all the best nest building trees in that forest, he and Jim Crow, and he owns corn fields till you can't rest. Inherited them, you know. But say, if you ain't going to work for me any longer I want you to leave my property. I don't allow any tramps around here."

"Well," said Mr. Fassett, firmly, "I've had enough of this, and I shall leave."

"Where'll you roost to-night?" asked the boss. "Can't let you stay in my tree, you know."

"I'll find a roost," replied Mr. Fassett; and saying good-bye in a friendly way to his boss, he rose upward and soared away.

"In my eye, you'll find a place to roost," croaked the boss, as he returned to his work of superintending the operations of the flock in his field.

Poor Fassett! Little did he realize what he had done.

After flying till he was tired, he headed for a large tree in the middle of the forest. To his surprise he found its branches filled with crows. They looked suspiciously at him, and he overheard occasionally a word that sounded like "spy." For a time no crow came near him; but after a while one old fellow walked toward him sideways along the limb of the tree.

"Where'd you come from?" the stranger asked.

"Just gave up a job," replied Qui.

"What at?" the other persisted.

"Watching a worm preserve."

"Why'd you give it up?"

"Got tired working for another fellow for grub and roost," said Qui.

The conversation continued cautiously for a time on the part of the stranger, but after awhile with greater freedom. Qui found that this was a meeting of crows, who, like himself, had quit working because they were not satisfied with the pay. They had managed among them to make up a little pile of corn, with part of which they hired the tree where they were roosting, living on the remainder.

"But our funds won't hold out long," said the old crow, "and as there are so many crows out of a job I am afraid we shall have to give in and go to work."

"Why do you want funds?" Qui asked.

"Why do we want funds?" exclaimed the old crow. "Well, we want funds because we've got to have something to eat and a place to roost."

"Surely you don't need funds on that account. You can scratch for worms and corn, can't you?"

"Some of us can, but some of us only know how to build nests. Some can't even do that; they have gathered nest materials all their lives, and others have done nothing but make up the materials for the builders."

"That's right," said Fassett. "I think I can get you out of your trouble. Now, if you ——"

"Hold on!" interrupted the old crow in excitement. "Hold on! Hallo, fellows, I say, here's a chap what says he can get us out of our fix. Shall we let him in and hear what he has to say?"

"What's his line?" was croaked from the crowd.

"Used to watch a worm preserve," responded the old chap.

"Naw, we don't want any o' them detective thugs among us."

"Tell them," said Qui, "that I am a lawyer."

"Oh thunder no!" spluttered the stranger. "They're down on lawyers worse'n the devil. Let me attend to this."

Qui's new chum went among the flock, leaving Qui alone. There was a great commotion and croaking, but the old crow carried his point and Qui was invited in.

"You musn't think," said Qui "that I've got any new fangled inventions. I have only a single suggestion to make, and I don't understand why it hasn't occurred to you long ago. Perhaps it's because you are used to this sort of thing and I am not. Now this old crow tells me you are in great distress because you have lost your work and haven't any worms or corn, and when your lease on this tree expires you won't have any place to roost. At the same time he tells me that some of you know how to scratch for grub, that others know how to gather nest materials, others know how to make up the materials, and others know how to build nests. What more do you want?"

"Mr. Chairman," croaked a crow of tender years on the edge of the crowd, "does this fool think we can scratch for grub without a field to scratch in, or build a nest without a limb to build it on?"

"I was just about to speak of that," Fassett went on. "I was going to ask, What more do you want than trees and fields?"

"That's so; that's all we want," said some one in the flock.

"Well, there are plenty of trees and fields—a good many more than enough for all the crows that have ever lived since the flood," said Fassett.

"Maybe so," interrupted an intelligent looking crow, "but they're too far away and in a bad climate. Some of our folks emigrated there last year and had to come back."

"I don't mean away off there," Fassett replied, "I mean right here. This forest is full of trees in which there isn't a single crow's nest, and on each side of it there are cornfields full of worms in which you won't find more than one small flock of crows. Why don't you go to work scratching in these fields and building nests in these trees?"

"We can't pay the rent!" was the reply in chorus.

"Why should you pay rent? Haven't you as much right to scratch in these fields and build nests in these trees as any other crow?"

For a little while there was silence. Every crow was thinking. The quiet was broken by a voice from above: "Agitator! Socialist! Com-*mon*-nist! Robber! Thief!" it croaked.

Qui looked up and saw an angry crow, whose feathers were tipped with red. "That's Roger Rook's chaplain," said Qui's chum under his breath.

Just then there was a great croaking among the flock at the appearance of another crow with red-tipped wings. To him the whole situation was explained, and turning to Qui he said:

"My friend, I believe you are right. There are plenty of trees and plenty of corn fields here, and no crow need be hungry or without a nest. But some of these crows with the devil in them have called these trees and cornfields theirs, and the police keep other crows off, and so most of our crows have to work for other crows for almost nothing or starve. It's a shame and a sin, and if our impoverished crows knew their rights they would stop it."

"But, Father Caw," one of the crows asked, "you would pay Roger Rook, and Jim Crow, and the rest of the crows that own fields and trees, wouldn't you?"

"If I could," said Father Caw indignantly, "I would confiscate every field and tree without one barleycorn of compensation to their miscalled owners."

The anger of Roger Rook's chaplain when he heard this was beyond description.

"We'll see about that, you villain! we'll see about that!" he fairly shrieked as he flew away. Pretty soon he returned with a crow whose breast was covered with red, followed by flock after flock, an immense throng of crows, all croaking and screaming, "They want to rob us!" "Call the police!" "Kill the anarchists!" "Society is in danger!" "Commew-nists!" and so on.

The crow with the red breast was very mild of manner toward Father Caw. "Such sentiments as Roger Rook's chaplain reports to me are unworthy of you, Father Caw," he said. "There must be a mistake. Surely you would not take away a crow's property and let any other crow use it. Think of the labor that has been spent in building crows' nests in these trees and in gathering grub of different kinds. It would be robbery to take these away from their owners without pay."

"I did not say that, your redness," replied Father Caw, humbly. "I said I would take away the trees and fields and let all crows use them to scratch for grub and build nests."

"But it is the same thing," his redness responded. "No crow would scratch for worms if he didn't own the field, nor build nests if he didn't own the tree."

"Yes, he would," Qui interrupted. "My boss didn't own the field; he only hired it, and not one of his flock had any interest in it."

His redness glanced superciliously at Qui, and Roger Rook's chaplain exclaimed, "What impudence!" at the same time twisting his neck first one way and then the other for the approval of the crowd.

When the excitement caused by Qui's interruption had subsided, Father Caw said:

"Your redness, it is not necessary to own a forest of trees for the purpose of building nests in one. See all these empty trees, and see these poor creatures without nests! Nor is it necessary to own a whole corn-field in order to scratch for grub. See all the corn-fields in our region—how few crows are allowed to scratch in them—and see these famished crows! It is one thing to own the grub you scratch, and another to own the field in which you find the grub. It is one thing to own the nest you build and another to own the tree in which you build it, or worse, to own empty trees in which you allow no other crow to build. Crows make nests and scratch for grub, but crows neither make trees nor plant grub!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Prof. Huxley says there was a time when men walked on all fours. We believe you, Huxley, for we have seen them do it when they were little. There was also a time when a man walked on the palms of his hands, and held up his legs in the air. The time we refer to was after the boy had been to the circus and had seen the clown do it.

—The Good Old Times.—Wife (looking up from a book)—What do you think of this? In the time of the Ptolemies a wife was always given full control of her husband's property. Husband—Yes; but in those days the fashions never changed.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Mrs. Nutgall—What are you writing, John? Nutgall—A purely business letter, my dear. By the way, how do you spell "inamorata?" Mrs. N. (rising)—With a ——, I'll show you, you wretch!"—Boston Traveller.